

**ROLL BISCUIT COMPANY IN RE: DISSOLUTION OF THE**

Notice is hereby given that the petition of the Roll Biscuit Company, filed April 18th, 1930, in the Court of Common Pleas of Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, praying for a decree of dissolution, will be heard by the said Court Monday, May 19th, 1930, at 10 o'clock a. m., at which time any person may show cause why the prayer of such petition shall be granted.

J. EMASIR, SLMO  
JAMES L. MORRIS,  
Solicitor for the Plaintiff.

-4-23-4t

**LUZERNE COUNTY SEALED PROPOSALS**

Sealed proposals will be received by the Controller of Luzerne County at his office in the Court House, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., (and no other place) until Monday, April 28, at 11 a. m. for construction of EXTENSION TO BRIDGE No. 733, Lake Township, Luzerne County, in accordance with plans and specifications on file in the office of the County Engineer.

Copies of plans and specifications can be obtained from the County Engineer upon deposit of ten (\$10.00) dollars.

Each bid must be accompanied by a certified check in the sum of two hundred and fifty (\$250.00) dollars, made payable to the Treasurer of Luzerne County. Check of successful bidder will be retained by the County Controller as a guarantee that bidder will enter into contract and furnish surety bond within (10) days from date of award.

Envelopes to be marked "Proposals for Extension of Bridge No. 733."

The right to reject any or all bids is reserved by the County Commissioners.

LEONARD D. MORGAN,  
County Controller.

**LUZERNE COUNTY SEALED PROPOSALS**

Sealed proposals will be received by the Controller of Luzerne County at his office in the Court House, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., (and no other place) until Monday, April 28, at 11 a. m. for construction of BRIDGE No. 5, Dorrance Township, Luzerne County, in accordance with plans and specifications on file in the office of the County Engineer.

Copies of plans and specifications can be obtained from the County Engineer upon deposit of ten (\$10.00) dollars.

Each bid must be accompanied by a certified check in the sum of five hundred (\$500) dollars made payable to the Treasurer of Luzerne County. Check of successful bidder will be retained by the County Controller as a guarantee that bidder will enter into contract and furnish surety bond within (10) days from date of award.

Envelopes to be marked "Proposals for Construction of Bridge No. 5."

The right to reject any or all bids is reserved by the County Commissioners.

LEONARD D. MORGAN,  
County Controller.

**LUZERNE COUNTY SEALED PROPOSALS**

Sealed proposals will be received by the Controller of Luzerne County at his office in the Court House, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., (and no other place), until 11 o'clock a. m., Monday, April 23, for furnishing Luzerne County with ONE LEATHER BELT FOR USE ON ELEVATOR PUMP, in accordance with specifications and instructions to bidders on file in the office of the County Commissioners.

Proposals must be accompanied by a certified check in the sum of twenty-five (\$25.00) dollars, made payable to the Treasurer of Luzerne County.

Envelopes to be marked "Proposals for Leather Belt."

The right to reject any or all bids is reserved by the County Commissioners.

LEONARD D. MORGAN,  
County Controller.

**LUZERNE COUNTY SEALED PROPOSALS**

Sealed proposals will be received by the Controller of Luzerne County at his office in the Court House, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., (and no other place) until 11 o'clock a. m., Monday, April 21st, for furnishing Luzerne County with one LOADER OF THE BELT CONVEYOR TYPE in accordance with specifications and instructions to bidders on file in the office of the County Engineer.

Proposals must be accompanied by a certified check in the sum of fifty (\$50.00) dollars, made payable to the Treasurer of Luzerne County.

Envelopes to be marked "Proposals for Loader."

The right to reject any or all bids is reserved by the County Commissioners.

County Controller.

**First National Bank**

DALLAS, PA

Members American Bankers Association

**DIRECTORS**

R. L. Brickel, C. A. Frantz, D. P. Honeywell, W. B. Jeter, Sterling Machell, W. R. Neely, Clifford W. Space, Wm. Bulford, George R. Wright

**OFFICERS**

George R. Wright, President  
D. P. Honeywell, 1st Vice-Pres.  
C. A. Frantz, 2nd Vice-Pres.  
W. B. Jeter, Cashier

Three Per Cent. on Savings Deposits

No account too small to assure careful attention  
Deposits Payable on Demand  
Vault Boxes for Rent  
Self-Registering Saving Bank Free

**GUNMAN'S BLUFF**  
*Edgar Wallace*

(Continued From Last Week)  
CHAPTER XXIV

**The Man in the Mask**

At the appointed hour Mr. Connor arrived, paid off his taxi short of the bridge across the Sepentine, and strolled down toward the water. The night was inclined to be rainy; a high wind was blowing—it was not a night even for the most romantic young couples to spend on the brim of the Sepentine.

Mr. Connor was not romantic; he was very much a realist. He could well understand Margaret Maddison's reluctance to come to his wharf, and he blamed himself for the stupidity of such a suggestion. She might have come accompanied by the police, as the Gunner suggested she would; and that was exactly the way she would have arrived had she intended making a fuss.

He found a wooden chair leaning over upon another, and straightening it, sat down. Here was the promise of an income for life. He could even bless the Gunner that he had interfered in his affairs at the most critical moment in the life of Luke Maddison. He looked right and left; there was nobody in sight. The police, he knew, did not patrol this path except at rare intervals.

Behind him was a stretch of grass which was separated from the pathway by a railing less than a foot from the ground. He was meditating upon all the prospects which his discovery had opened up when a hand dropped on his shoulder and something cold touched the back of his neck.

"Shouting means shooting," said the muffled voice behind him. "Don't look round, kid!"

"What's the idea?" growled Connor, who, to do him justice, was not so much frightened as annoyed.

"Stick 'em up, and let's have a look at you," said the stranger laconically. "No turn," he said, and Connor obeyed.

His eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness, and had his assailant's face been uncovered, he could have been distinguished; but where the face should be was a black patch.

"Outrage by masked highwayman," murmured the newcomer, as his disengaged hand had passed quickly across the outside of Connor's pockets.

"You needn't have covered up your face, Gunner," growled Connor. "I'd know you anywhere."

The other said nothing; his hand went into the inside pocket of Connor's coat and he jerked something free. Connor gripped at his wrist, but the barrel of the automatic hit him so gently that his teeth did not rattle. "You came after he passport, did you? I was a can to fall for your letter. But it's going to make no difference, Gunner, and you can tell the woman who sent you here—"

"You talk too much," said the mask. He put his hand in Gunner's hip pocket took out the pistol it contained and flung it into the dark pond. Connor heard the splash of the revolver as it hit the surface of the water.

"Probably saved you ten years," said the hold-up man cheerfully. "If there's one thing I like, it is saving people from penal servitude."

He pushed his hand down into the trousers pocket of his victim and pulled out a handful of notes.

"Richness beyond the dreams of avarice," he said, as he transferred the money to his own pocket. "Saving up to buy a car or something?"

"You'll know all about this!" threatened Connor. "You don't think I'm going to take it lying down, do you?"

He heard a faint laugh, but so far removed from amusement did it sound that he shuddered.

"What's to stop me from finishing you?" asked the man in the mask. "The answer is—nothing! I'm telling you, Connor, for your own good, not to raise a squeal about this little affair."

"Maddison put you up to this, I suppose—but I'll get him!" said Connor between his teeth. "I'm not kidding you—"

"You talk too much," said the other again, gripping his victim by the shoulder, he spun him around, so rapidly that Connor staggered.

Before he could recover his balance the stranger gave him a violent push and set him sprawling into the water. By the time Connor had recovered, his man had disappeared.

It was not the kind of night to wander about in wet clothes, but they were nearly dry by the time Connor had made his plans. Now he knew too well why the Gunner had called that day—he had come for the passport, but the arrival of Inspector Bird and the girl reporter had made it impossible to secure the document wanted.

Connor had half a dozen plans but rejected them all. And then he remembered the one man in London who could be of assistance to him. The fact that he was head of a rival gang made little or no difference to this opportunist. The idea had no sooner settled in his mind than he took up the phone and called Danty Morell's flat. Here was one of the wisest men in the world, with a brain more cunning than his own—a man who had mixed with real swells and had reputedly made enough money to retire from the crooked game, though he still maintained nominal direction of the borough crowd.

Danty was in bed when the call came through. Cursing all telephones, he went to the passage in his bare feet to take the message. He was not sufficiently well acquainted with the gangster to recognize his voice, and Connor lost no time in introducing himself.

"What's the game?" asked Danty suspiciously.

He knew there was bad blood between the two gangs, but so far had kept clear of offending either by the lukewarmness of his championship or the vehemence of his enmity.

"It's a big thing with big money in it. Can you see me right away?" asked Connor.

For fully a minute Danty considered the possibilities.

"All right, come up," he said, "but if you start a rough-house here, you'll be pinched."

"Don't make me laugh," smiled Connor. "Why should I call you up to start a rough-house—what's the matter with the street? You go on 'em, don't you?"

"All right, come along," said Danty at last.

He was not particularly enthusiastic for a meeting, especially as he was aware that his house from time to time was under observation. He woke Pi Coles and revealed the identity of the caller. The dumpy little man shook his head.

"Connor's mustard," he said. "I shouldn't have much to do with him if I were you, guv'nor."

From time to time there had been red war between the two gangs, but Danty was so aloof from their operations that he could afford to take a disinterested view. He never went south of the river until the feuds had died down, and it was perfectly understood that he was not to be the object of reprisals.

Danty had dreamed dreams of shaking loose all his old associations and forgetting that he had ever organized river thefts and drawn a small but steady income from the proceeds.

He was dressed by the time Connor called. Pi, his servant, who had spent a quarter of an hour looking out of the window, reported the man's arrival in Half Moon street.

"He's alone, guv'nor," he said, and most of Danty's uneasiness was removed by this information.

Connor was in a friendly mood—which meant nothing. Friendliness of mood was a part of his stock in trade.

"I've got a nerve to call you up, Mr. Morell," he said, "but something has happened, and I think you're going to help me. When I say 'help me,'" he added carefully, "I mean help yourself My crowd and yours are not always mates, but I hope that's going to make no difference."

Danty informed him with the greatest politeness that he was superior to the antagonisms of crowds. With his own hand he pushed forward a box of cigars, and Mr. Connor lit one carefully and thoughtfully.

"I happen to know a lot about you, Morell—everybody agrees you're the wisest fellow in London. You know Mr. Maddison, too, don't you—he mentioned your name."

Danty's eyes opened.

"Maddison?" he said slowly. "Why, do you know him?"

Connor grinned.

"I'm not going to tell you any lies. I didn't know him till last night." Then, abruptly: "How much money has he got?"

The question took Morell's breath away.

"What am I, an inquiry agent?" he asked sarcastically. "He's a rich man, that's all I can tell you, and you probably know that yourself."

He might have added that Luke's wealth was a genuine source of grievance at that moment.

He was curious to know why the gangster was interested in Luke, and how he had come to meet him, but for the moment Connor was not prepared to enlighten him.

"The point is this, Morell: If this fellow's rich, and we can get big stuff out of him, are you ready to split two ways?"

Danty did not answer. He certainly

had no intention of committing himself to this man, who might be really friendly but as likely as not was preparing a trap for him.

"Well, I'm going to tell you," said Connor, "because you've got to come on, whether you like it or not. If you're in, there's only one way the makings can be split, that's two ways." He chuckled at his own joke.

"Perhaps you'll be kind enough to tell me just what the graft is?" said Morell.

The other nodded.

"That's fair," he said. "Do you remember Lewing being killed, and a fellow being knifed?"

"I remember," said Morell.

"Do you know Tiffany's was robbed two days ago, and a man with a beard got away with a lot of stuff?"

Danty nodded again.

"Do you know that was the same man—the chap who was in the hospital and the fellow who drove the car? And do you know that man was Mr. Luke Maddison?"

Danty stared at him, his mouth wide open.

"Forget it!" he said scornfully.

"Maddison's in Spain."

The other chuckled.

"In Spain, is he? I'll tell you where he is. He's hiding up with Gunner Haynes. And what's more, his wife knows he's on the run with the police after him."

Luke Maddison a thief, a man badly wanted by the police? The idea was so fantastical that Danty could not grasp it. And then Connor began to tell his story. He did not explain the circumstances in which Luke had revealed his identity; but after his host had heard of the seeming treachery of Connor's confederate, he had no difficulty in bridging over the gap.

"We were holding him to give him a towelling when Gunner Haynes butted in and got him away. Naturally, I didn't take any notice of the yarn he told until one of my men found a passport."

"You wrote to Mrs. Maddison, did you?"

Connor nodded.

"We got a faked letter—I ought to be kicked for not knowing it was a fake. Anyway, the Gunner caught me in the park and got the passport away from me."

Danty began to think quickly. He knew that this story was true, and that in some amazing way Luke had got himself mixed up in a gang war and was now hiding from the police. The reason why the passport was so vital to him he could realize—that had been the real object of his burglarious entrance into his own flat. Once the passport was in his possession it was

a simple matter for him to melt away to the Continent. And with his disappearance from London would vanish also every hope of bringing home to him his association with the Tiffany robbery. And Margaret knew—if not all, at least the vital part—of Connor's story.

Here in his hand was the lever. To think, with Danton, was to act. He went out into the corridor to the telephone and rang up Margaret. She was certain to be in bed, but he would insist that she answer him.

To his surprise it was her voice which replied.

"Is that Margaret?"

"Who is it speaking?" she asked quickly.

"It's Danton," he said. "Listen, Margaret, this is very important—did a man called Haynes call on you tonight?"

She hesitated.

"Yes, she said, 'but I don't think that is any business—'"

Listen, please," he pleaded. "Did you give him any money? This is very important."

Again the hesitation.

"Did you?" he repeated.

"Yes," she said, "I gave him some money—not for himself—"

She realized her error too late.

"For somebody else?" asked Danty eagerly.

He waited, and then he heard the

click of the instrument as she hung up the receiver. He came quickly back to Connor.

"He's got the passport, and he's got money, and that means he'll leave for the Continent by tomorrow morning's train. I want you to get a couple of your gang down at the station tomorrow morning. They're to watch at the barrier and head back Maddison if he tries to leave England."

He shouted for Pi Coles.

"Bring me my shoes," he said; and when the man had gone: "I'm going to see Mrs. Maddison and get the first installment of our pension. How much do you think you'd get from her if she had come over to your wharf?"

"I reckoned on a thousand pounds," said Connor, and Morell laughed thoughtfully.

"If this job is not worth a hundred thousand pounds it's worth nothing," he said.

(Continued on Page 7)

**PAST RECORDS DO COUNT**

Senator A. J. Sordani has brought five million dollars of State funds to Luzerne county residents during his term of office. Compare this record with any man who preceded him from the Twentieth District in the State Senate.

**Romans Built Well**

Water still flows through the lead pipes laid by the ancient Romans in Bath England.

**To The Voters of Wyoming County**

**I SOLICIT YOUR SUPPORT FOR THE OFFICE OF REPRESENTATIVE IN THE STATE ASSEMBLY FROM WYOMING COUNTY AT THE PRIMARIES, MAY 20, 1930. I AM RUNNING ON MY OWN RECORD, WHICH CONSISTS OF TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS ON A FARM AND OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY BUSINESS EXPERIENCE IN NICHOLSON BOROUGH.**

RESPECTFULLY,

**Charles L. Terry**

**Gay - Murray Company**

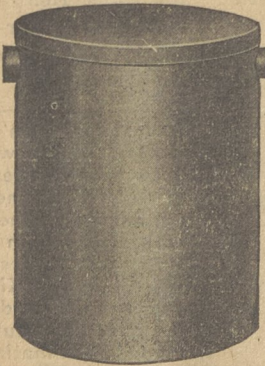
TUNKHANNOCK, PA.



Eight Experienced Plumbers at Your Service

**HOUSE SIZES**

- 4 People ..... \$15.50
- 7 People ..... \$18.00
- 10 People ..... \$22.00



Visit Our Store

Our Prices Are Lower